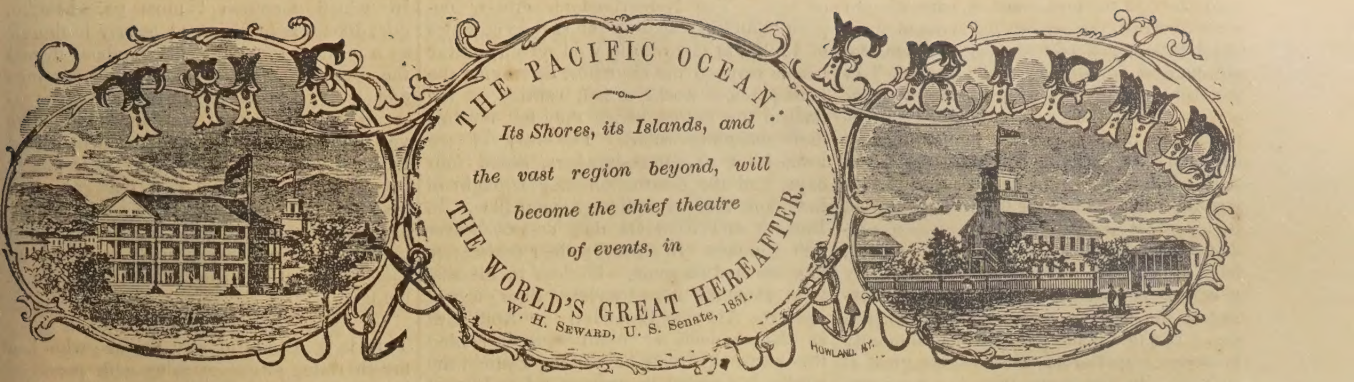
THE FRIEND
THE PACIFIC OCEAN
Its Shores, its Islands, and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theatre of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER.
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.
HOWLAND, HY.

New Series, No. 5, Vol. 29.} HONOLULU, MAY 1, 1880. {Old Series, Vol. 37.

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THE FRIEND.

MAY 1, 1880.

☞ The Legislative Assembly for 1880 was formally opened by His Majesty in person on the 30th of April, with the usual ceremonies.

☞ News has been received through Lloyd's of the safe arrival at New York of the *Australia*, in which the "American Commission" of the Salvation Army were passengers. Mr. Railton telegraphs:—"Safely arrived. Philadelphia welcomes us. Have been interviewed by all the leading papers."

☞ Among the passengers on the last steamer from the Colonies, and proceeding on to San Francisco, was Pastor Chiniquy. He has been engaged in preaching and lecturing for some time past in different parts of Australia and New Zealand.

On the evening of his arrival here, he addressed a congregation at Fort St. Church, taking for his subject Psalm 66.16. For nearly two hours he was listened to with deep interest and profit, as he related the story of God's grace. The trials, sorrows, joys and hopes of his eventful life, and in forcible language urged upon his hearers the acceptance of Christ as God's great gift to man.

WATTLE BARK.—We have received from the Hon. A. Fornander, of Lahainai Maui, a phamplet published by authority of the government, at Melbourne, and forwarded to Judge Fornander by Baron Ferd. von Mueller, a distinguished botanist and scientist,—on the bark of the "Wattle Tree," showing the profit to be derived from its systematic cultivation. The bark is in great demand in Europe for tanning purposes, is worth $20 a ton, and the tree it is said will grow luxuriantly where nothing else will. We shall again refer to this subject at length.

Return of the "Hawaii."

The bark *Hawaii*, owned by the Board of Immigration and under the command of Capt. Benj. Whitney, which sailed hence on the 5th of January last, arrived on Thursday last, 38 days from Jaluit. She brings 282 immigrants, men, women and children, there being 54 of the latter. These new comers on the whole are the best appearing physically of any of the South Sea Islanders yet received, and will prove a valuable addition to our population. We are pleased to know that the demand for them as plantation hands and household servants is more than equal to the supply. With but a very few exceptions, these people have given good satisfaction, and in the responses which have been received to the circular on the subject issued by the President of the Board of Immigration, it is emphatically stated that the South Sea Islanders are preferred to any other immigrants.

We look upon this work of procuring immigrants from a cognate race with the Hawaiians as one of paramount importance, and as intimately connected with the questions of the recuperation of the race and the perpetuity of our national independence. And therefore we are glad to learn that it is the determination of the Board of Immigration to vigorously prosecute the work. The *Hawaii*, instead of being allowed to idly lay up on expense, will be refitted without delay for another voyage, and this time to the New Hebrides and Solomon group, in search of immigrants. It is from these sources that the Fiji colonists obtain their labor supply, taking men only, and paying at the rate of £3 per annum per man. While the rate of wages paid here for labor is so much higher, it would be found in the end bad policy for us to bring the Islanders here on any such meager terms as they could be got for. By offering a rate of wages at the outset which is fair to both the laborer and the employer, we shall escape the liability to complaints and discontent in the future.

During the voyage from Jaluit, five of the Islanders died from dysentery, caused probably by the change of diet and habits.

The brig *Nicholas*, with 160 immigrants, sailed from Jaluit for this port January 22d, and is therefore 79 days at sea to-day. Some anxiety is fell in consequence of her long passage; but even Captain Whitney, an experienced and skillful navigator, occupied 38 days on the passage.

The brig *John Bright*, with 106 immigrants, sailed the same day with the *Hawaii*.

The brigantine *Storm Bird*, with 150 immigrants, will Be due May 1st. —*P. C. A. April* 10.

The Anglican Church Fair, held at the Lyceum last Tuesday, was very successful in netting $1,800 in the way of receipts.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 40

Autumn Days in the Netherlands and Belgium—No. 5.

THE CATHEDRAL AT ANTWERP.

In Antwerp the writer's thoughts and then his steps turn first and naturally to the beautiful Cathedral of "Our Lady," whose presence in the most ordinary of cities, would have, I feel, a certain sanctifying influence, and here amid so many artistic and historic treasures, seems but to heighten and increase their beauty and charm. One grows unconsciously to long for the restful presence of these grand old cathedrals as he becomes more and more used to the worn paths of travel on the continent. They grow to have a certain singularly tender and welcoming charm after the rust of travel, the confusion and distraction of arrival. One seeks them out perhaps in his loneliness, in his strangeness, amid thousands of unknown and uncareing faces, and covered with the dust of wearisome travel, finds a soothing solace in their hush and calm, in their guardian watchfulness; is lifted into companionship with all high and noble thoughts by the perfect beauty and symmetry of his surroundings, and the sacred and lofty symbolism which they express. Those who have once felt their "benediction" can never wholly lose its comforting power.

The Cathedral of Antwerp enshrines the most beautiful painting of Antwerp's most highly gifted artistic son, the "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens. After the morning service, opportunity is afforded visitors of seeing the picture. One is almost startled and pained at first by the transformation of the sacred precinct into a picture gallery. A little army of copyists are ranged in front of the painting, busily working on their reproductions of the unattainable original. Beautiful as are some of these copies, even the unexperienced eye must detect the inferiority of their coloring to that in the work of the Masters. One of the artists touched and interested me in a peculiar way. Though he was only a copyist, for the time, he worked with the zeal, with the tender genius of some old cloisterer while illuminating some rare and treasured manuscript, in the middle ages. For the moment the glorious arches, the mighty Cathedral

walls seemed to close about us, narrowing to a convent cell, the present faded out of sight and hearing, and one seemed to catch the sad, mellow chiming of the "Angelus" in the still air, luminous with the dying glory of some rare Italian day, calling our artist-monk from his work to the higher office of devotion. It must have been his priest-like garb, the worn and ascetic face, the rapt devotion to his work, the light which glowed in his great penetrating eyes, which produced the illusion. It must, as you see, have been a face or form more than ordinary which could have kept us so long from looking at the picture, which we had come to see. But this is the power which humanity possesses superior to art, however great it may be. In one sense there is a more fascinating charm in the humblest human being, against whom the world unceremoniously jostles, than in all the Christs and Madonnas that have ever been painted or carved. Perhaps it would be better for us if we thought less of the dried oils on the painter's canvas and more of the warm, rich blood of humanity which flows within and about us! *Rubens* certainly studied humanity, undoubtedly quite too often in its grown form, but in his better moods with grand effect. The "Descent from the Cross," before which we are standing, is his master piece. It can scarcel fail to be familiar to all through the countless reproductions which exist of it. Rubens certainly possesses little of sound mysticism in his art. Many find even his "Descent from the Cross" unpleasant and revolting. On the contrary, it fascinated me strangely by its intense realism, by its strength, by its grand vividness. The actors were substantial human beings, it is true, and so should they be. The Christ is not the worn and emaciated figure of Byzantine art, but a strong, heroic figure, imposing in death. The main light of the picture falls upon the person of the crucified Christ. The wounded and bleeding form is being gently, reverently, tenderly lowered from the cross and received by loving hands. There is the Virgin Mother in her grief and sorrow, Mary Magdalene, with repentant and adoring face bathed in tears, John, "the beloved disciple," and above all the strong, vigorous, muscular form of Peter, raised above the cross, and in a characteristic way, shining and yet full of exquisite tenderness, aiding in this last service of love. The gaze of all present is centered upon this great central figure, and it is the gaze of loving devotion and tearful but confiding trust. There are no mocking, hostile faces there, no stern and unrelenting soldiery. The *enemy* sought His life; the *friends* cherish with boundless tenderness the dead and wounded body of their Lord. It is an absorbing, marvelous picture, and moves one so deeply that the many other paintings with which the shrines, altars and walls of the Cathedral are adorned seem to make but little impression afterwards.

The Cathedral itself is a worthy casket for so rare a treasure. It is in most beautiful gothic style, and its sacred twilight-gloom is lighted through lofty windows whose ancient colors still glow with jeweled radience. This now still and hushed interior has been witness to wild and turbulent scenes. The Netherlanders, cruelly oppressed and harrased by the savage cruelties of Philip, at last rose in wild revolt, and the people ravaged the churches, destroying the most precious works of art, venting on the images the hatred which they felt towards their unfeeling ruler. The fury of the iconoclasts, or image-breakers, lasted four days, and the destruction they wrought in that short time is well nigh incredible. In Brabant and Flanders they destroyed over 400 churches. In Antwerp their destructive rage reached its acme. Motley, in his history, sketches most vividly their attack upon the Antwerp Cathedral: "And now, as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of vespers, rose the fierce music of a psalm, yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and the work, which seemed delegated to a comparatively small number of the assembled crowd, went on with increased celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness, these furious iconclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off the slowly matured fruit of centuries. A very beautiful piece of architecture, the 'repository' as it was called, decorated the choir. It was shattered into a million pieces A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omnivorous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread, poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge drafts to the beggars health; burned all the splendid minerals and manuscripts and smeered their shoes with the sacred oil, with which kings and prelates had been anointed. In a space of time wonderfully brief, they had accomplished their task. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims."

Beautiful and richly adorned as is the interior to-day of the Cathedral, the exterior is not less so. The Emperor Charles V. used to say that the spire deserved to be placed in a treasure-casket of its own. One can scarcely conceive of any more perfect—at once so daring and audacious in its upward flight, and yet so marvelously, so exquisitely graceful and delicate in effect. I found it the kindest, the wisest of guides while in Antwerp, wherever I might go, looking up I could see this glorious, arrowy structure, now near, now distant, and knew in which direction I must go. Fragile fairy-like, a faint vision of beauty in the ai as it is when the night gathers about it, an the silver stars gleam through its carving and leafy blossoming traceries and orna ments; it grows most real and tangible a you mount the hundreds of steps which lea to the summit. The view is exceedingl interesting. On a fine day one can, wit his glass, sweep nearly all Belgium, lookin off to Breda, to Brussels, to Mechlen an Ghent. But one is especially attracted b the city, which lies spread out before him a his feet.

SAUNTERINGS IN ANTWERP!

This is a delightful city for one who ha the charming gift of catching with pencil c brush "bits of beauty" in his daily walk, must be I think, loved by artists. You com home from your ramble with a perfect galle ry of pictures which have cost you nothin and of which no one can rob you, witho knowing just how, and you find yourself i front of the massive and stately Hotel de Vill dating from the 16th century. About yo standing in the open place, rise quaint an picturesque homes, many belonging to ar cient guilds, and erected several hundre years ago. In all directions run narro streets bordered by smaller intervenin buildings, even in their decay, keeping certain dignified air, as if conscious of the long history. In these same busy street now full of friendly faces, there were some times, years ago, bitter, terrible struggles fo life, when the Spaniards murdered the cit zens, and the stones were red with innocen blood. The same sweet-toned bells whic we hear to-day chiming the hours in the mellow melodious way, far up above us i the blue of the afternoon-sky, chimed s sweetly then above the savage contest rag ing below.

The wharves of Antwerp are busy i deed. The river Scheldt is here filled wi steamers and sailing ships of all kinds. Th going and coming is endless. Sailors fro all parts of the world are here. It is Babel of languages. In the middle ages, to Antwerp was a great commercial cit Under the reign of Charles V., it wa the most imposing city of the worl even surpassing Venice.

After protestant Holland, the change Belgium, with its churches hung with pain ings, gleaming with tapers and perfume with incense; with its black-robed priest with its constant reminders of the Cathol faith, is something remarkable. One fancie himself transported to Italy. The stree are here and there rendered strangely pictu esque by some carved and colored grou of the "Holy Family," of the Madonna an Christ, of the "Good Shepherd." A churc door stands open, you catch the music of chant in passing; you see some worn an aged face lifted in prayer; the smell of i cense reaches you. The churches are n merous—to all the Saints, one would thin Some of them hold most beautiful painting In the church of St. James is the tomb the great painter, Rubens, who died here Antwerp, in 1640.

The splendid palace-like home where R bens lived, and which he delighted so adorning, and which was stored with a treasures, with pictures, with statues a

bronzes, is not far away. If in Amsterdam one feels the spirit of Rembrandt, he is equally impressed here by that of Rubens, who still reigns here as sort of artistic sovereign. You meet him at every step in the splendid picture-gallery of Antwerp, which is one of the glorious of Belgium and of Europe. From the moment you enter the beautiful garden surrounding it, shadowed by ancient trees, you feel that you are coming into an enchanted realm. I think I have never felt so intensely the effect from color, as in the glowing gallery. You have something the same feeling as when standing in some warm October day amid the gorgeous pomp of American woods. Here you have the finest work of Rubens and his school. Antwerp has its new quarter, with stately boulevards and modern mansions. But of this I saw little, preferring the old town—and who would not? There is a charm in this sauntering which I find never cloys. I think you will, in Antwerp, follow my plan, make friends with the beautiful spire of the Cathedral, musical with bells, and come back to it every now and then for your bearings and a draught of water from the ancient fountain near by, ornamented with fine work in iron from the master-hand of Quentin Massys.

A PEEP AT THE PAST.

Some one lately in Germany has been giving a lecture entitled "Home-sickness for the Middle Ages." I am quite confident that you and I are thoroughly, abundantly satisfied that our lot has been cast in this age, and that we are not troubled by any sentimental longings for a period when life must have been far less pleasant on the whole, I fancy, than now. Still with many others we share a certain fondness for that period, which, perhaps, owing to the magical haze of distance we imagine possessed a certain poetic charm, which seeing by the under glare of the present, seems to be lacking in our own time. Hence we welcome any lingering relic of that fading past with especial interest. In Antwerp they have been especially happy in preserving a delightful old house, which one may to-day visit at his leisure, and so to say, dropping the present at the portal, step in crossing the threshold into the times of men and women who lived some three hundred years ago. This is the house of the famous printer and publisher, *Christian Plantin*. For generations and generations the mansion has been in the possession of his descendants and was at last bought by the city of Antwerp, with its furniture, its carpets, pictures, portraits, etc., so that you have a rare picture of an old Flemish patrician mansion of that period. It seemed as if the stately portraits on the walls warmed into life, as one gazed upon them, and out of their satins and velvets smiled in welcome to those comers of a later day. There are here lordly banqueting halls, reception rooms and library. The mansion incloses a large central court, whose walls are thickly covered with grapevines, amid whose clustering leaves look out ancient statues and busts. It is a most charming listening place, full of dreamy memories when the Autumn sunshine lights the courts. Of great historical value are the ancient printing presses, the type and early impressions made so long ago. One is astonished to see how far they had progressed, especially in the work of woodcuts and engravings at that early day.

STRAY NOTES.

I find looking over my note-book a host of incidents and scenes in connection with Belgium, it would be of the greatest pleasure to paint for you. I find, however, on the other hand that my time is so limited that I must force myself to tell you a little of what I *might* have done, had my time allowed. After Antwerp I would have asked you to come with me to Ghent, once so great and powerful, now so quaint, and staid and quiet in its great age. We would have climbed the narrow, dark stone stairs of the ancient tower leading up to the belfry, where still the famous bell *Roland*, which called the people to arms in the fierce old fighting days. Through the dust and rust we can still read the inscription of 1659, "*Myn naem is Roeland, als ick klippe dan is't brandt; als ick luyde, dan is't storm in Vlaenderland.*" Ghent abounds in interesting reminders of the past, sad, poetic, heroic, pathetic. Ancient buildings, stone paved market places, towering church spires, all remind us of days that are gone. And with our thoughts of rather in the past and present, we take an especial pleasure in attending a vesper service, in the chapel of an ancient convent in the suburbs of the city. This is an order where history goes back hundreds of years. The nuns are sisters of charity whose lives are full of good works and kindness. Here they have their home. It is a little village in itself, nothing would interest you more in Belgium than a visit here. As the vesper bell tolls, you see from every side approaching the black robed forms of the sisters with their spreading white caps. The beautiful gothic gateways through which they come, the picturesque turn to and gables where deep shadows fall upon the convent paths, seem a fitting frame for these silent forms. And there in the chapel it is strangely effective, hundreds of kneeling forms, a picture in white and black dimly lighted in the dusky twilight by the solemn lamp before the altar, chants and prayers arising, now faint and distant, now firm and triumphant, from this great chorus of devoted women. How delightful it would have been to have lingered with you

"In the ancient town of Bruges
In the quaint old Flemish city."

It was like the realization of some long ago dream to be here How from earliest child-hood *Bruges* had been a sweet and familiar name, lighting ones fancy with rare and poetic coloring. Travelers, poets, artists have made us familiar with its ancient streets and buildings, with its famous history, with its eventful past. Longfellow's verses are in every ones heart and thoughts. The same sweet bells in the "Belfry of Bruges" chimes out melodiously the hours as of yore. The streets are peaceful and still as if some enchanter had doomed them to perpetual sleep. Where once was gay life and busy traffic, now the grass unhindered finds a home amid the well worn stones of the pavement The winding canals, bordered with lofty houses, where gables and quaint ornaments stand out in sharp relief against the blue of the sky, are still the delight of painters. It is a place for dreaming, for resting. I had the pleasantest of rooms in the nicest of little inn's on the great Market Place of Bruges just opposite the belfry. If you come to Bruges some day, for which I hope with all my heart, then do go to the neat little "*Panier d' Or.*" You will have the grand music of the chimes for company. How the mention of the bells of Bruges, of Belgium, fills me with a sort of longing and homesickness, now so far away. One grows to love the chimes, to watch for their ringing. They seem to pour a flood of melody, of poetry into the most poetic hour and day, with their "deep sonorous clangor." It is perhaps well I am forced to say nothing in reference to Bruges. I might have proved wearisome in my enthusiasm, had I been allowed once to begin. *Ostend* lies not far away from Bruges, and is one of the most fashionable watering places in all Europe where the gay and brilliant summer life of the continent blossoms for a short time on the gray sands, washed by the waves of the North Sea. You would find the railway of Belgium commences excellent, yet you would almost wish the train did not need to fly so swiftly through the level and fertile and carefully tilled country districts, which stretch about you like great gardens, but steam once on, we are forced to go. We find *Brussels* charming, brilliant, gay, filled with restless modern life, sharply contrasting with a background of ancient modern memories. How many places we would visit; we would go to Souvani, to Mechlin, to Sournay, but these for another time; and now over the border again, with a glance at Aix-la Chapelle, with its interesting cathedral and memories of Charlemagne, and we take breath again in the shadow of the glorious Cathedral of Cologne, and with heart and brain filled with sweet and pleasant memories of Belgium, look back once and as to a dearly loved friend, send one more greeting, and "*au revoir.*"

F. WILLIAMS DAMON.

Berlin, March 24, 1880.

NAVAL.—The German frigate *Vineta*, commander Zirzow, arrived at this port on the evening of the 27th inst., from Acapulco, Mexico, en route for Yokohama, Japan. This is the second visit of the *Vineta* to these islands, having made a previous one in in the year 1876. The vessel is a covered corvette, 2 332 tons burthen, and carries 19 guns, 39 Officers, including midshipmen, and 351 men and will probably remain here a week. Following is a list of the officers:

Commander, Capt. Zirzow.
Covette Captain, Starcke.
Captain Lieutenant, Piraly.
1st Lieutenants, Stubenrauch, Gertz, Graetschel. von Dresky, Koellner.
2nd Lieutenants, Paschen, Derzewski, Kalau vom Hofe, Hoepner, von Bierbrauer Brennstein, Lampson,
Engineer, Grentzenberg.
Staff Physician, Dr. Diehl.
Asst. Physician, Dr. Brunhoff.
Paymaster, Korte.
Pastor, Heyn. —*P. C. Advertiser, May* 1.

THOS. C. THRUM,
STATIONERY AND NEWS DEPOT,
No. 19 Merchant Street, - - - Honolulu.

PACKAGES OF READING MATTER—OF Papers and Magazines, back numbers—put up to order at reduced rates for parties going to sea. 1y

EDITOR ABROAD—No. 2.

We wrote last from San Francisco, which place we left on the 8th, and arrived in New York on Monday, the 22d of March, via Chicago, Columbus and Philadelphia. During four days of our overland journey, we looked out upon one broad sheet of snow, spread over mountain valley and prairie. Without, the weather was cold, but within the cars there was warmth and cheer. The facilities for travel have become so systematized and arranged that the tourist has only to commit himself to the railroad officials, and he need entertain no fears that he will not arrive at the end of his journey refreshed rather than worried by his travels. We found attached to our train from Omaha to Chicago a dining car, and meals were served in the very best style of hotel life, and at very reasonable rates.

At Chicago we spent the Sabbath, and a day of "holy rest," was most refreshing. In the morning we listened to a sermon from Rev. Dr. Noble, and in the afternoon to a most admirable lecture by Dr. Gregory, at the Farewell Hall, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The subject was the Gospel of John, and it was treated in the most interesting and scholarly style. The city of Chicago has suffered severely from the effects of the fire and financial reverses, but the buoyancy and recuperative energies of the people are perfectly marvellous.

In San Francisco, on a Monday morning, it was our privilege to meet the Club, composed of Congregational Ministers, so in Chicago, we enjoyed a similar privilege on Monday, the 15th instant. At these gatherings the peculiar phases of ministerial and parochial life are brought forward, essays are read and doctrinal questions discussed.

At Columbus, Ohio, we enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Scott, recently from Honolulu. The former is now a member of the House of Representatives, and deeply engaged in the politics of state and nation. He is Chairman on the important Committee of Appropriations for State Charities, including Asylums for the Blind, Deaf and Dumb, &c. During the evening of our brief sojourn, we enjoyed the rare privilege of visiting the Blind Asylum, where nearly two hundred inmates, study, work and wander about "in darkness." There was a most creditable entertainment, embracing exercises in Music, Mathematics, Geography, and one pupil read a passage from Roman History, in Latin, from raised letters. The music was highly creditable. Some performers were quite proficient on the violin, and others on the piano. Some of the young ladies sang most sweetly. For the support of this admirable institution, the State of Ohio appropriates about forty thousand dollars annually. The inmates attend the several churches of the city as they are inclined.

A rapid night's run over the Pennsylvania Central brought us to the beautiful city of Philadelphia. This is a city which we always visit with delight, and where our stay is ordinary too short. It may be a fancy of ours, but the quiet and calm spirit of Penn seems to pervade its atmosphere. The inhabitants do not appear to hurry and rush as they do in New York and Chicago. It is a city of churches, with tall spires and imposing dimensions. On the afternoon of our arrival, it being the season of Lent, we attended an Episcopal Church with an old friend, and heard a most admirable Evangelical sermon from Rev. Dr. Newton, the favorite sermonizer and writer for children, whose name is so intimately associated with the American Sunday School Mission. On the following Sabbath morning we listened to a sermon from the Rev. Dr. Willetts, one of the well-known ministers of the Presbyterian Church. He is a natural pulpit orator and most charming lecturer. It has been our desire for many years to hear him preach, having read with delight his book on the Miracles of our Saviour. Dr. Willetts is a brother-in-law of our old friend Chaplain Rose, of the U. S. S. Pensacola, whose visit at Honolulu will be remembered. We spent a most delightful day at his pleasant home with him, surrounded by his most charming family. He is now supplying a pulpit in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, but still attached to the navy.

While at Philadelphia we were entertained by our old friend and host of Centennial memories, A. F. Damon, Esq., one of Philadelphia's most enterprising merchants. He was formerly in business in Pernambuco, South America, where homeward bound vessels from the Pacific often touched. We have had many pleasant chats about ships and shipmasters, well-known at the Islands. He is a merchant of large experience and far-reaching views, whose wisdom and enterprise are appreciated.

Hastening on to New York our first enquiry related to steamers sailing for Europe. We were fortunate to secure our passage per *City of Berlin*, Inman line, to sail for Liverpool on the 3d of April. During the interim, before sailing, we make a rapid trip to New England.

As we go about this city we are more and more impressed with the greatness and magnitude of this London of the Western World.

It seems to have doubled and trebled since we first came hither. Necessity being the mother of invention, while San Francisco may boast over her street railroad cars propelled by steam up hill and down, New York seems to have solved the problem of rapid passenger transit by her elevated railroads. They are a marvel and almost take away your breath, as the cars rush along at lighting speed over your head. It is quite astonishing how very naturally the traveling falls into the customs of the city; traveler one hour in the street cars, at another in the old fashioned Broadway buss, and again taking the elevated railroad and flying through the air. Such rapid journeying was not favor editorial correspondence, and we must close. S. C. D.

New York, March 24th, 1880

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Mar 28—Swedish bk Hermine, 58 days from Hongkong
29—Am wh bk Sea Breeze, Barnes, from cruise and Kealakekua, with 60 bbls sperm
30—Am sch Claus Spreckels, Von Schmidt, from Hilo
31—Am sch Bonanza, Miller, from Kahului
31—Am sch Twilight, Whitney, 17 dys fm San Fran'co
April 3—Am wh bk Eliza, Murray, from Cruise & Hilo, 57 bbls sperm
4—H I R M S Djiguitte, de Livron, 27 days fm Yokohama, Japan
5—Am ship Gen Butler, Ryder, 77 days fm New Castle, NSW
7—Am bk Amie, Sandberg, 90 days fm New Castle, NSW
7—Am stm whaler Mary & Helen, Millard, fm home & cruise, 260 bbls sperm
8—Haw bk Hawaii, Whitney, 37 days from Jaluit
April 11—Nic sch John Bright, Bently, 41 days from Jaluit
13—P M S S City of New York, Cobb,——from Sydney
14—Am bktne Catherine Sudden, Bates, 28 days from Port Townsend
14—Haw bk Kalakaua, 17 days from San Francisco
15—Am bktne Monitor, Nelson, 20 days from Humboldt
16—Raiatea sch Vivid, Cawley, 8½ days fm Fannings Is
16—Am bk Jenny Pitts, Sievert, 34 dys fm P Gamble
April 19—P M S S Australia, Cargill, from San Francisco
20—Am bktne Ella, Brown, 21 days from San Francisco
22—Am stmr Gussie Telfair, Butler, 14 days fm S Fran
April 24—Am bgtne Hesperian, Winding, 73 days fm Sydney
25—Am sch Martha W Tuft, Johnson, from Kahului
25—H I R M S Djiguitte, de Livron, from Hawaii
25—Am sch Frithiof, Matson, passed the port 21 days from San Francisco, en route to Nicolaefsk
25—Am bk Lizzie Marshall, Dahler, 71 days from Newcastle, N S W
26—Am bk Forest Queen, Winding, 22 days from San Francisco
26—Am bgtne Hazard, Miller, 30 days fm Departure Bay
27—H I G M S Vineta, Zirzow, 20 days from Acapulco

DEPARTURES.

Mar 27—Am sch Jessie Nickerson, Bonifield, for Humboldt
27—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for Sydney
27—Raiatea sch Vivid, Cawley, for Fanning's Island
28—Am sch Cassie Hayward, Blake, for San Francisco.
29—Am tern W L Beebee, Erschen, for San Francisco
29—Haw sch Julia A Long, Gilley, for Arctic
30—Am wh bk Abram Barker, Smith, for Arctic
30—Am wh bk Progress, Lapham, for Arctic
31—Am sch Bonanza, Miller, for San Francisco
April 2—Am wh bk Sea Breeze, Barnes for Arctic
April 3—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, for San Francisco
3—Am bktne Emma Augusta, Young, for Port Townsend
3—Am wh bgtne Tropic Bird, Jernegan, for Arctic
3—Am topsail sch Loleta, Dexter, for Arctic
4—Haw bk Kale, Ahlborn, for Manila
4—Am bktne Eureka, Nordberg, for San Francisco
5—Am wh bk Eliza, Murray, for Arctic
8—Am sch Claus Spreckels, Von Schmidt, for S Fran
April 11—Am stm wh Mary & Helen, Owens, for Arctic
14—P M S S City of New York, Cobb, for San Francisco
15—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, for San Francisco
April 17—H I R M S Djiguitte, de Livron, for Maui & Hawaii
18—Am sch American Girl, Backus, for San Francisco
19—Nic sch John Bright, Bentley, for San Francisco
20—P M S S Australia, Cargill, for Sydney
20—Am sch Twilight, Whitney, for San Francisco
21—Am bktne Monitor, Nelson, for Humboldt
April 25—Haw bk Kalakaua, for San Francisco
26—Am sch Martha W Tuft, Johnson, for San Francisco
26—Raiatea sch Vivid, Cawley, for Fannings Island
27—Am bgtne Hazard, Miller, for Kahului
28—Am bk Jenny Pitts, Sievert, for Port Gamble
28—Swedish bk Hermine, Longren, for Hongkong
28—Am stm Gussie Telfair, Butler, for San Francisco
30—Am ship Gen Butler, Ryder, for Port Gamble

MEMORANDA.

Report of P M S S City of New York, Cobb, commander—Left Sydney March 25th at 4.20 pm., and arrived at Auckland March 31st at 12.30 am. Left Auckland same day at 7.40 am. April 4th passed City of Sydney bound South. Experienced Easterly gales for the first 48 hours after leaving Sydney. From Auckland to Honolulu had strong E and NE winds with heavy sea. Arrived at Honolulu April 13 at 1 pm., making the run from Auckland to Honolulu in 14 days and 1 hour.

San Francisco—Arrived March 23—P M S S Australia, Cargill, hence March 16.

San Francisco—Arrived Mar 21—Am bk D C Murray Ritchie, hence Feb 27; Mar 26—Am bktne Discovery. Smith, hence Mar 2.

Port Blakely—Arrived Mar 26—Am bgtne Sheet Anchor hence.

Victoria B C—Arrived Mar 18—Am bgtne Hazard, Miller, hence Mar 1.

Report of stm Gussie Telfair, C N Butler Commander Left San Francisco Thursday April 8th, first 3 days had strong SW winds, remainder of the passage, light air and calms, was 3 days under sail without steam on account of being short of coal. Arrived in port April 14, 1880. Time 13 days and 21 hours.

San Francisco—Mar 30—Am bktne Fremont, Nickerson, hence Mar 16.

San Francisco—Arrived April 2—Am bktne Grace Roberts, Olsen, hence Mar 16; April 3—Am sch W H Meyer, Jordan, hence Mar 9; April 5—Am bgtne John D Spreckles, Hansen, hence Mar 24; April 11—Am tern Hera, Monson, hence Mar 23.

Eureka—Arrived April 8—Am sch Jessie Nickerson, Bonifield, hence Mar 27.

PASSENGERS.

From San Francisco, per W L Beebee, March 29—Henry Smith, J F Beard, Capt Mothenson, John Hogan, A D Bolster Jr.

From San Francisco, per Twilight, March 31—Joe Malaaea, J Edward.

For Port Townsend, per Emma Augusta, Apr 2—L, W Ross, W I Brown.

For San Francisco, per H W Almy, Apl 3—Mrs Capt Thurman, Mrs Capt Lapham, George Hook.

For Sydney, per City of Sydney, March 27—C R Smith wife and child, Jno M MacDonald, W G Simon and wtfe, D Anderson, Wm Owen, wife and child, W D Johns, A Berdsall.

For San Francisco, per Cassie Hayward March 27—Mr Gates.

For San Francisco, per Eureka, April 3d—Capt H Seegers, wife and child, John Howe.

For Manilla, per Kale, April 3d--Mrs J Peterson.

For San Francisco, per Claus Spreckels, April 8th—C Hancock, G Calhoun, D B McIver, J M Terry, Rogers.

From Jaluit, per Hawaii, April 9th—282 immigrants.

From Hong Kong pr Hermine, Apl 12—John Brown, 16 male and 4 female Chinese.

From Jaluit pr John Bright Apl 12—100 Immigrants.

From Sydney pr City of New York Apl 13—Prof Dr A Bastian, A Low, William Hessey and wife, R Shew, E Wolveston and 199 in transitu.

For San Francisco per Lady Lampson, April 14—C O Johnson, W R Gerke, Adolphe Moore.

From San Francisco per Kalakaua, April 15—Thomas Lack and family, Col S Morris, Mr Sierritt, Masters Thompson and Ramsey, John Roxburgh, J J Gunther, J D Tucker.

From Eureka per Monitor, April 15—Mrs Wall and 9 children.

From Port Gamble per Jenny Pitts, April 15—Wanneg-heim.

For San Francisco, per City of New York, April 13—Hon H A Wideman, J T Waterhouse jr, W S Luce and wife, Moris E Daloz, Mrs W C Parke and son, Miss Carrie Bond, Miss Flora Dickson, Mrs Griffin, C Mangles, M Ackerson and wife, W Hesse jr, Miss E Wilson, P Isenberg and nephew, F S Dodge, Mrs F M Green, W F Babcock and two ladies, Mrs A B Smith and child, F B Higgins, J W Gilpatrick, Dr Enders and family, F McCoffin, M Louisson, Dr F L Miner, Miss Lottie Alexander, Miss Lizzie Pogue, R R Hind, Miss H L Hillebrand, Mrs G Smith, Miss Gayton, Mrs Brewer and children, J J Yates, Mrs M A Paty, Mrs Jackson and child, W H Hine, J F Danver, F Waldeck, George Davis, Miss H White, H Evans, Thomas Peterson, James Hovey, M Doherty, Charles Donohue, H A M Church, P Dettmer, John Welsh, N Schalper, C Johnson, Mrs Moore and child, Miss Wybrecht, W H Anderson, W Schulz, Thomas Seale, E M Brewer, J Blake, C E Williams, Frank Perkins, C A Colcord. C A Kibling, Louis Konger, S C Gayton.

For San Francisco, per Twilight, April 20—Li Tuck, George Zammitt.

From San Francisco, per Ella, April 20—A Silvers, William Rankin, Mr and Miss Short, T Colville, H Fridman, 14 negroes and malays and 6 Chinese.

From San Francisco, per Gussie Telfair, Apri 22—Capt Theo Smith, wife and two children, Mr and Mrs A E Aldridge, C K Myers, William Ludwigser, Matthew Muller P W Boyle, G H Mullendy, 7 Chinese and 7 Malays.

From San Francisco, per Australia, April 20—Capt Tripp and wife, Mrs Toler and son, Miss Fish, Harry Agnew, John M Morton, Edward Muller, George B Gregg Dr J Mott Smith, A Linenburg and wife, Mr and Mrs Thompson, Mrs McGrew and daughter, Mrs Konigsbarger, Mrs C Baldwin, Mr and Mrs C W Crocker. Mrs Mackay and 4 children, E H O Mulveney, J T Arundel, Ed Brown, Mr and Mrs Gordon, A Gilfillan, Frank Reus, Mrs and Miss Condon, J Moore, J C Flores, Manuel Siloa, G H Longford, J Hanson, Mrs Buckley and children. B Ludgate, Mrs Williams and son, L M Hughes, Mrs Duff, R McDonald, Mrs Sinclair and children, F E Willis, Mrs Taylor, James McLain, E Graham, and 21 Chinese.

For Sydney, per Australia. April 20—Mr and Miss Purvis, Dr K V Steiner, Henry Ketten and wife.

For San Francisco, per American Girl, April 17—C N Phelps and wife, T W Fleming.

For San Francisco, per Kalakaua, April 24—Mrs Wilbur, Mr Sherret.

For Pannings Island, per Vivid, April 25—W Guig, G Guig, Mr Sutton.

From Newcastle, N S W, per Lizzie Marshall, April 26—L A Opitz.

From San Francisco, per Forest Queen, April 26—Mrs Barton, Mr F Brassch.

For Hong Kong, per Hermine, April 28—140 Chinese.

For San Francisco, per Gussie Telfair, April 28—S Alexander, John O'Ryan, Miss De Vere.

DIED.

WALTERS—At Lahaina, March 21, ANDREW WALTERS, a native of Bavaria, aged about 63 years. He had resided on these Islands some 27 years, and for 20 years past had carried on the bakery business at Lahaina.

HALL—At his residence at Kainaliu, North Kona, Hawaii, March 19, CHARLES HALL, aged 69 years, a native of Virginia, U S A. He had resided on these Islands for over fifty years, having arrived here in 1829, as a seaman on board an American ship. He was a carpenter by trade, and soon got employment with the chiefs. He married the daughter of a small chief at Pahoehoe, North Kona, and after her death, he married Hannah, the daughter of the late Samuel Rice, Gov Kuakini's blacksmith, who survives him and by whom he had a large family of children, seven of whom are now living. Up to an advanced age and until he was crippled by an accident, Mr Hall was "a mighty hunter" of wild cattle on the mountains of Hawaii, and could outwalk most men of half his years. He was a kind and affectionate husband and father and a good neighbor.

HONEY—In Sydney, March 5, suddenly of heart disease MACKENZIE HONEY, late of Honolulu.

DAVIS—In this city, on the 7th inst., Mr. CHARLES DAVIS, a former resident of Kona, Hawaii.

BRASH—In this city, on the 11th inst., after a short illness, WILLIAM BRASH, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, aged 84 years. The deceased arrived at these Islands in 1846, and has resided in Honolulu ever since. By a life of industry and frugality he had acquired a competency. He leaves a family of four sons and three daughters.

BOLES—At Sydney, N.S.W., Mar. 14, Mr. WM. BOLES. architect, aged 36 years. He was much esteemed in the community in which he lived for his many good qualities. He had furnished the designs for several prominent public buildings in Sydney. A Freemason; and a relative by marriage of Mr. Alexander Bolster, formerly of this city.

SMITH—At Kilauea, Kauai, on the 31st ult., CHRISTINA, youngest child of Antone and Sarah Smith, aged 1 year and 15 days.

CLARK—In this city, April 9th, HELEN GEORGIETTA, beloved wife of William Clark, aged 28 years, 8 months and 3 days. ☞ Portland and Utah papers please copy.

KINNEY—At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 3d SARAH C. DIMOND, wife of J. R. Kinney, M. D.

WARREN—In this city, April 29, RICHARD F. WARREN, aged about 51 years; a native of Boston; for many years a resident of these Islands.

CORNWELL—At Waikapu, Maui, April 20, Blanche Macfarlane, wife of Mr. W. H. Cornwell, aged 27 years, 2 months, and 20 days.

GRAHAM—In this city, April 23, Keaka Makaleka, the beloved wife of Thomas Graham, aged 42 years. The funeral will take place at 3 o'clock this afternoon from the family residence, Leleo, King Street.

BRASH—In this city, April 25th, MARY ELLEN, only daughter of Mr, Richard Brash, aged 3 years 4 months and 9 days.

MARRIED.

BERGER—WIDEMANN—At the residence of the Hon. Hermann A. Widemann, in Makiki, March 30, 1880, by the Rev. Hermann Kockmann, MR. CHARLES O. BERGER, to Miss PATTIE WIDEMANN.

SCRIMGEOUR—DUDOIT—At St. Andrew's Cathedral on the 15th inst., by the Rev. T. Blackburn, B. A., ROBERT SWAN SCRIMGEOUR, eldest son of the Rev. R. Scrimgeour, Glen Morris, Canada, to JULIE ANNE FRANCESCA, eldest daughter of Julius Dudoit. No card.

ROWELL—ROWELL—At Malta, N. Y., GEO. A. ROWELL to FANNIE, daughter of Dr. Sam'l Rowell.

BRETON—DUDUOIT—On the 11th of March, in St. Paul's Church, city of Cork Ireland, W. E. BRETON, ESQ., Surgeon R. N. to ALICE MAUDE, youngest daughter of the late Jules Duduoit, Esq., of this city.

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CASH SURPLUS	7,000,000

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USUAL LIFE RATES.

RUSSIAN HOLIDAY.—Last Thursday, being the anniversary of the birth of His Imperial Majesty Alexander, Emperor of all the Russia's, was duly celebrated in this city. His Hawaiian Majesty Kalakaua, and Cabinet Ministers, visited the Russian war vessel at noon, and was received with the usual honors and salutes, from the *Djiguitt*, as well as the German corvette *Vineta*. In the evening, from half-past seven till nine, we were treated to a splendid exhibition of fireworks from the war vessels, which were enjoyed by many invited guests at the residence of Mr. J. W. Pflüger, Russian Vice-Consul

Letter from Rev. E. T. Doane.

MORNING STAR, Dec. 11, 1879.

BROTHER DAMON: Our missionary work has just taken an advanced step. Six years ago, stepping down and out from Ponape to the Mortlock Islands, then up and through that archipelago of six atols, their reefs crowned with some 35 islets, with a population of some 3,000 souls,—to-day it takes a wider stride, and we are on Ruk, the island so long in darkness, for which prayers have so long been offered. To-day her gates are opened, her coral walls entered, and a Christian teacher landed on her shores. You will want to know something of Ruk. Let me in a few words state the main facts or features of the island.

Ruk is an archipelago by itself. It looks as if at some time a small continent had here been submerged and the mountain peaks only left. All through the lagoon, especially in the more central parts, stand islands, some with an elevation of 1,000 feet, some with 600, some with less, while many are just floating above the water's surface, as if struggling for very life itself. The longest is only some six or eight miles. The names of the more prominent ones are Tol, Fetan, Uole, Toloas and Uman, upon which last the Mission is planted. I need not repeat the names of the smaller ones, they are too numerous; but there they are, with their sisters of a higher altitude, giving a charming aspect to the archipelago.

The hills of Ruk have a rounded and time-worn look. The rains, the winds and atmospheric pressure have worn away the rocks or disintegrated them and rolled them into the valleys below, levelling them up not a little. Nowhere was a sharp, jagged cone seen; perhaps Tol on its northern slope may have the most of such an appearance. And yet, from the distance we saw the peak, the grade to the shores did not seem to be very precipitous. These well-worn hills, —with the fact, too, that all of Ruk's main islands lie centrally within the lagoon, from five to eight miles from the shores, with but a slight fringing reef about them—seem to me to indicate the island to be the eldest born of the three sisters, Ruk, Ponape and Kusaie. Ponape has a large fringing reef within her barrier reef, and the barrier reef

is only separated from the mainland some two or three miles, often less than this; while Kusaie, save only on its south and south-western sides, has but little lagoon, as her reef is mainly the fringing reef; subsidence has not yet taken place enough to give the pure barrier reef. But passing to Ruk, and the barrier reef is vast. A small sea within washes the shores of the islands. It is a sea, in breadth from 35 to 40 miles. With these facts we cannot but feel Ruk is older than her two sisters. It should be stated also that Ponape in her hills has quite a rounded, time-worn look; while Kusaie in all her cones and ridges is sharply serrated; her hill-sides steep, precipitous, her valleys narrow. Is there anything in the fact, the nearer the great continent the older these islands?

The discovery of this island dates back with but little doubt, 275 years—first by Quirosa, the Spanish navigator. Duperry visited it in 1824; D'Urville in 1828 and 1838; Lutke in 1828. It has been named Berg's Island, and Torres. Padre Cantova, while at Guam in 1722, meeting with some Caroline natives, and learning from them them something of the islands, made a chart of them, quite correctly locating Ruk, but calling it Hogolu.

Ruk, by the natives, is the proper appellative for the island, but the initial sound is somewhat like Svruk, or Truk; but I think the general pronunciation by the natives was Ruk, pure and simple. And, as has been said, it is the name for the whole island lagoon, as Ponape is for that and Kusaie for that, while each island in the lagoon, large and small, has its own name. The reef is extensive, sweeping an irregular circle of 100 miles or more, pierced in many places for passages, its surface crowned with low islands, some inhabited, others not.

The productions of Ruk should be abundant, for her soil is good, but they are not. Scarcity of food is a sad and common complaint of the native or the foreigner who may live there But the explanation of all this is inter-tribal wars. No tribe cares to cultivate more than will meet the more necessary wants of the people, lest an abundance of food invite an attack from some hostile neighbor. No doubt the general indolence of the people contributes not a little to this state of want. The productions seen were breadfruit, bananas, cocoanuts, sugar-cane, taro grown in large patches, wild oranges of a more than commonly good quality. Fowls are but few, though it is said the wild China hen is abundant in the bushes. No pigs were seen, nor cattle of any kind. The domestic dog is there, though it does not seem to be common. Fish, though not abundant, are caught in the near waters. The woods abound, so it is said, in wild pigeons. The lagoon is large; large craft are needed to sail into it or across it. Large proas were seen stored in houses, with a very long and heavy paddle canoe. The Rukite is not a little of a navigator, making voyages to the Mortlock Isiands, to the south-east 300 miles, and then again to other islands to the north and west. His craft is quite well made for voyaging on the ocean, modelled on the plan of the Marshall Island proa, but not so heavy nor so large. In his dwelling, the Rukite is inferior to any native people I have yet seen in Micronesia. The house is low, roof quite flat, thatched with a variety of the leaf of the sago palm, the sides only two or three feet high; ends closed up, save a small hole to crawl into; the floor of earth, unless some leaves are strewn over it. The bed is a simple mat; the sleeper, it would seem, without pillow or blanket, save as he makes use of his poncho or dress of native cloth. The family simply herd together, with the simplest means for cooking. The large proa house is the dwelling of the high chiefs usually, and a little more comfort is here had, but as we saw it seemed but little more, minus quantity. The Rukite's home is a dismal one, so it seemed to me; but the Rukite himself, as I saw him, (so I may remark of the Mortlocker) taking him all in all, is the finest looking native we have. In stature he may be a little less than the Gilbert islander, as he is in largeness of person, for the Gilbert islander often has a ponderosity that is just appalling; but the Rukite in complexion is of a fine saffron tinge, his form symmetrical, chest full, limbs round and of good length between joints, his step easy, his eye round and lustrous, lips thin for a Micronesian, nostrils also rather narrow, hair wavy and long. Many of the women were beautiful. The person of a Rukite is in full undress—the men, I mean—a *maro* only being the indispensable part of his attire. He often wears a poncho, made in its warp and woof from the bark of the hibiscus and threads of the banana stalk. It has quite a silk-like appearance till he saturates it with oil and smears it with his yellow ochre. Around the neck long strings of beads, large and black, made from the cocoanut shell, are worn. When shining with oil they look like a small black snake coiled around his neck. And pendent from his ears hang heavy bunches of the like kind of beads, a tin or brass button now and then intermingled. The face is smeared with a pigment of red earth and yellow ochre, and so too nearly the whole of the upper part of the body. This adorning does not add much to the man's nor the woman's good looks. The women wear about the loins a piece of rudely woven native cloth, figured so as to look quite pretty. The upper part of the person is in full undress. Youth are without clothing usually. The Rukite in disposition is mild, and so in looks. His nature is mild and loving. As a people they are very impressible, easily led, yielding quite willingly to higher influences. In the moral make up of the people, they are as all heathen are. But it is a pleasant people to live among.

The Rukite has been called a savage. Vessels have been warned not to allow too many on deck at once. There is perhaps some ground for this, for at different times vessels have been nearly taken. But this savageness is not the normal condition of the people. They have been led to this more, I think, by the ill-treatment of the foreigner than by natural disposition. As the *Star* ran in close to the land near to which she anchored, the natives fled to the woods and hills or hid away in the bushes. Walking inland and passing a dwelling would so alarm the family that all fled, if it were possible; if not, they crowded together in a corner. A savage, warlike, murdering people would not do this.

The *Star* was led on her mission by a friendly chief. The news of the missionary work in the Mortlock Islands had reached him. He left his own home, taking wife and child, and passed over to a small coral island some 30 miles distant. There he met a Christian teacher who had been put there last year, heard him preach, saw his school, felt the new life he had brought to that people, and asked for the same for his people. Nearing the time when the *Star* would be at that island, he returned again, and when he met us asked for a teacher. He was in earnest, and promised all that could reasonably be asked. We took him at his word, took him aboard the *Star* with the teacher with whom he had been staying, whose place was supplied by another, and sailed for his home. On the way we changed his appearance somewhat by dressing him up a little—the first step in the new creation that is yet to pass over him and his. Entering the lagoon of his island, the *Star* headed for his home, neared it, he standing on the deck to pilot the vessel, as well as to see his people. They were too shy, not in open space looking at the vessel, but from behind trees and bushes. They did not recognise their chief, he was in foreign dress. Tacking about and pulling ashore, so soon as he saw some of his people he called to them and beckoned them out. They came on the rush, for their fear had fled, took our boat as we landed, pulled it ashore, and we were all led up to the King's house. Our friend soon told his story and introduced us. The King smiled, shook hands with us, was pleased, captured. We made known the object of our coming, and presented a teacher and wife. They were welcomed, accepted, protection promised, and not that only, but help promised to build his dwelling, to build a meeting house, to feed and care for them the year through, all for the part the good man would do in preaching and teaching. We spent one Sabbath at the island. A meeting was held ashore. We were late in going, waiting for the tide. The King and our high chief had gathered early in the morning a large crowd, but our non-appearance alarmed them. The King and his friend took a canoe and pulled to the *Star* to see why we had not gone ashore. Such interest aroused us, and waiting no longer for the tide, we pulled ashore, and had a fine audience to talk to. It was an inspiring sight to see these, so lately called *savages*, and among whom one should not venture unless armed to the teeth—to see them listening so quietly, all *unarmed*. And it thrilled us to think here were planted the seeds of the new kingdom, yet to grow up, overspread these islands and tame these savage hearts, making them better men, better women, more truthful, pure, honest, kind, fitting them to live a better, truer life here, and above all, fitting them, washed in the blood of Christ, when life is over to go up and dwell with Him and all the Redeemed in the "Beautiful City" of our God. We shout all hail to this successful trip of the *Star*—she completely unarmed, save only as armed with God's word and His blessed Spirit, and doing all she did so quietly, so easily, as if among a civilized people.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.

A Long Felt Want to be Supplied.

NOW IN COURSE OF PREPARATION and soon to appear, the Hawaiian Kingdom Statistical & Commercial Directory and Tourist's Guide. This Directory will contain information with regard to the location, occupation and residence of every business man, native and foreign, on all the Islands. Also a complete list of the plantations, farms and ranches, their location, agents, managers, post-office address, and distance from the metropolis, list of vessels under the Hawaiian flags besides other statistical matter useful and interesting. This Directory will be of incalculable value to business men at home or abroad, as the information contained in The Hawaiian Kingdom Statistical and Commercial Directory and Tourist's Guide, will be such as has never before appeared under the covers of any single book. The publisher would respectfully draw the attention of the public generally to the following facts. This Directory now in course of compilation, unlike any other directory published, contains important statistical information for merchants, manufacturers, real estate dealers, plantation proprietors, lawyers, hotel keepers, tourists, and in fact almost every class of business men. It will contain the names of all business men, classified, on all the islands, every town and village will be duly represented, giving the names of all foreign residents alphabetically arranged. It will give a full description of all the sugar and rice plantations; also all the farms or ranches, with names of owners, managers and agents; the distance of each plantation from the metropolis (Honolulu); the distance from the chief town, the name of the road, etc., etc. It will also contain a description of each of the Islands from personal research, and not copied from any previous description; the time occupied in travel from one Island to the other, mode of conveyance, the charges by steamer or sailing vessel, the accomodation on each Island and the probable cost to travelers, which will make the book invaluable to tourist. As a work of reference and a first-class advertising medium, it cannot be excelled, as every name is solicited personally, and the Directory when completed will go into the hands of a large proportion of the proprietors of plantations and ranches on the various Islands, and the class of people that advertisers generally desire to reach. The compilation of this directory is entirely new as regards the statistical portion, and gives information that is correct and reliable and of late date. This work is to be a home production in every respect, and should receive a generous patronage.

Subscription Price, $3.00. Advertising Rates. Whole Page, $20.00; Half Page, $13.00; Quarter Page, $7.50. Orders should be addressed to the Publisher,

GEORGE BOWSER.
Publisher and Proprietor.

☞ P. O. Box 172, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

NOTICE TO SHIP MASTERS.

DILLINGHAM & CO.,

No. 37 Fort Street,

KEEP A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Goods Suitable for Trade.

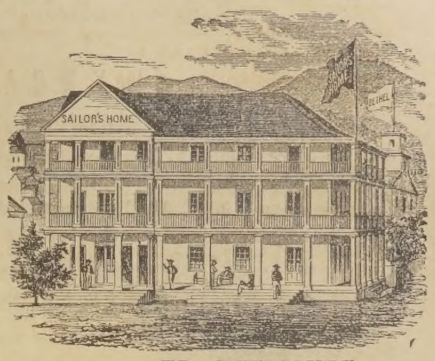
SHIP MASTERS VISITING THIS PORT during the last Six Years can testify from personal experience that the undersigned keep the best assortment of

GOODS FOR TRADE

And Sell Cheaper than any other House in the Kingdom.

DILLINGHAM & CO.

SAILORS' HOME!



ED. DUNSCOMBE,
Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

CASTLE & COOKE

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

—AGENTS OF—

THE REGULAR PORTLAND LINE OF Packets, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, The Union Marine Insurance Company, San Francisco, The Kohala Sugar Company, The Haiku Sugar Company, The Hamakua Sugar Company, The Waialua Sugar Plantation, The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Dr. Jayne & Sons Celebrated Family Medicines. tf

TREGLOAN'S

—NEW—

Merchant Tailoring

ESTABLISHMENT,

Corner Fort and Hotel Streets.

I CALL THE ATTENTION of the Citizens of Oahu and the other Islands to the fact that I have OPENED a large

First-Class Establishment,

Where Gentlemen can find a

Well-selected Stock of Goods,

Chosen with great care, as to style, and adapted to this climate.

Having had an extensive experience in connection with some of the largest importing houses in New York and Philadelphia, I can assure my customers that they will not only secure the

Very Best Materials

but will also obtain at my place

The BEST FITTING GARMENTS

that can be turned out of any establishment in the Eastern cities.

English Hunting Pantaloons!

—AND—

LADIES' RIDING HABITS

MADE A SPECIALITY.

Children's Suits, in Eastern Styles.

W. TREGLOAN, Honolulu.

BISHOP & CO., BANKERS,

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.
DRAW EXCHANGE ON

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO,

— AND THEIR AGENTS IN —

New York, Boston, Paris, Auckland,

THE ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION, LONDON,

— AND THEIR BRANCHES IN —

Hongkong, Sydney, and Melbourne,

And Transact a General Banking Business. ap19 80

Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

THIS PAGE IS

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meet the third Thursday of every month, at the Lyceum, for business and discussion.

All interested in Y. M. C. A. work are cordially invited to attend.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE Y. M. C. A.

President, W. R. Castle; Vice President, Dr. J. M. Whitney; Secretary, W. A. Kinney; Treasurer, C. A. Peterson.

Reading Room Committee—E. Dunscombe

Editor—A. L. Smith, Editor of the 8th page of THE FRIEND for this quarter.

Chinese Mission Committee—Rev. S. C. Damon, M. Waterhouse, J. B. Atherton, Rev. C. M. Hyde.

Entertainment Committee—Wm O. Smith, T. H. Davies.

Employment Committee—S. B. Dole, E. Dunscombe, B. F. Dillingham.

Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsie, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.

Committee of Early Meeting at Fort St. Church—Dr. J. M. Whitney, G. C. Lees.

No room for Jesus.

Oh plodding life! crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care!
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

Oh busy brain! by night and day
Working, with patience rare
Problems of worldly loss or gain,
Thinking till thought becomes a pain;
No room for Jesus there.

Oh throbbing heart! so quick to feel;
In other's woes to share:
Yet human loves each power enthral,
And sordid treasures fill it all;
No room for Jesus there.

Oh sinful soul! thus to debase
The being God doth spare!
Blood-bought, thou art no more thine own.
Heart, brain, life, all are His alone;
Make room for Jesus there—

Lest soon the bitter day shall come
When vain will be thy prayer,
To find in Jesu's heart a place:
For ever closed the door of grace,
Thou'lt gain no entrance there,

Herald of Mercy.

The Y. M. C. A. annual meeting which came off this month as advertised, was a decided success owing to the efforts of the courteous host and hostess—W. R. Castle and Lady. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports are published herewith. That of the President's being of general public interest, was published in one of the Weekly newspapers, and is worthy the attention of thoughtful, and thoughtless citizens. Of the present condition and prospects of the Association, the reports are the best indicators and to them we refer our reader.

Secretary's Report for the past year, read at the annual meeting.

The business man has stated seasons in which he sums up the thousand details of his affairs, so that at a glance he can state the receipts and expenditures of this and that venture with the amount with loss or profit thereby, and in so doing the world calls him wise and circumspect.

The Y. M. C. A. in venturing as much money, time and labor as it has during the past year can do no less, and we want to know to-night whether the investment has paid.

The expenditures in money during the past year, have not been much more than in former years and the receipts less The expansion, if any, of our Association has been in lines requiring not so much money as heart, hands and time, such as visiting the sick and in prison. We have received 17 new members during the year, some of whom, however, have gone abroad. The average attendance has also largely increased, and here it might be well to give statistics. In '77 the average attendance was 9½, and in '78, 10¼, which to use the language of the *Chronicle* of that time shows a small improvement "there having been one-third of a young man more to the meeting this year than the preceeding." In '79, there was still a small advance, the average being 11¾, and this year we have come up to 15 5-11. It rests with the members of the Association to decree what the scribe may say at the annual meeting of 1881.

There are some peculiarities in the increase of attendance this year, which are significant and worthy of notice. Of the 29 members who joined before 1877, the average attendance has been about 4, while that of the 25 who have become members since '77, has been 9, making 5 over and above that of the older members, which has not been enough to form a quorum, A few years ago the Y. M. C. A. secured a colporteur to evangelize among the Chinese; the second, ever on the islands. I need not speak of the state of the Chinese Mission all over the islands to-day, it speaks for itself. During the year, prisoners and the sick in the hospital have been visited, a reading room kept open to all, an early prayer meeting in Fort Street Church held every Sunday evening, and other work, done which, but needs time to bring to a working basis; such as securing employment for strangers.

What little we each have done this year as Y. M. C. A. members, would not in all, amount to 3 or 4 days work both in time and money, while the results must be lasting. Who shall then say, that we are not well paid for our trouble. Before allowing this record to pass into the annals of our past, perhaps to be curiously examined years hence by successors who know us not. Let us as an Association pay a last befitting tribute to the three who may not be with us to-night, as they were on an evening in this month a year ago, but are now gathered to their fathers. To Joseph P. Cooke, William F. Damon, and Clarence Cooke, we pay the highest tribute that we can. They were Christian men.

Account of Y. M. C. A.—Year ending April 8th, 1880.

RECEIPTS.

Balance Cash on hand	$ 4 96
Amount of collections at annual and regular meetings	85 35
Amount received from members—	425 50
" " " Hawaiian Board	130 00
" " " Bethel Caurch	75 00
" " " Fort Street Church	55 00
" " " Fort Street Sabbath School	10 00
" " per Drop box	4 00
" " " W. D. Alexander's Lecture	22 00
" " " Donations	41 00
" Advanced by former Treasurer	135 00
Total	$988 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

Amount paid for Reading Room, Periodicals, Oil, Postage etc	$304 48
Amount paid last page "Friend"	75 00
" " Post Office account, 4 quarters	7 87
" " Advertising	15 00
" " Chinese Mission	440 00
" " L. W. Hopp	5 00
" " Est. W. F. Damon, late Treasurer	135 00
" " To Balance Cash on hand to new acct.	6 40
Total	$988 75

E. & O. E.

C. A. PETERSON
Treasurer.

"Almost, but lost!"

"Many years ago," says Dr. W. M. Taylor, "while we were ministering to a church in Liverpool, it was our melancholy duty to go to the widow of the first officer of the Royal Charter, and tell her that her husband was drowned. The vessel had gone round the world in safety. Her arrival at Queenstown had been telegraphed, and the sailor's wife was sitting in her parlour with the table spread in eager expectation of her husband, when we entered to say, that her husband had been drowned with more than four hundred others in Mœfra Bay, only two or three hours from the harbour. We never saw such agony as that face depicted when, grasping our hand in hers, she cried with a grief too deep for tears, 'So near home and yet lost!'"

But what eternal horror shall hang about the doom of those who are "not far from the kingdom of God," but whose good desires, and resolutions, and determinations shall only end in the disappointment of perdition at last! Woe to the man who puts off the day of Salvation,—the time well come when perdition *cannot be put off!* Now is the accepted time.

"Almost cannot avail,
Almost is but to fail,
Sad, sad that bitter wail,
Almost but lost!"